

PRETTY STATE OF THINGS

The Prairie City Bank Failure Was a Case of Deliberate Pious Robbery.

Miss Shoemaker, of Muncie, Made the Young Bloods Come to Time—Smallpox Confined—Armstrong's Shortage Is Over \$13,000.

ANOTHER DEVOUT BANKER

Depositors in Beach's Bank at Terre Haute May Not Get 10 Cents on the Dollar, Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 26.—The assignee of John S. Beach's Prairie City Bank filed a statement of assets to-day, and the worst predictions were verified. The depositor does not believe the assets will realize \$10,000 to pay the \$128,000 in deposits. There was but \$2,800 in cash in the bank when it closed its doors. In the assets are claims which, while barely notifiable by the statutes of limitation, are known to be utterly worthless. It is shown that Beach had not been doing a legitimate banking business, but had borrowed money as a bank for his personal use and that he did not loan enough money as a banker, the interest of which would pay rent. He was treasurer of the Terre Haute bank and borrowed heavily from it, which he had no right to do. He has given a mortgage to secure his bondmen for \$25,000. Another mortgage has been given for a loan of \$50,000 from another source, and the creditors thus preferred get about all the real estate in his name. The depositor said that meeting this afternoon he finally determined to insist upon receiving dollar for dollar of their money. They believe that Beach has disposed of their money in a way that makes it impossible to recover. They believe also that his wife has considerable in her name which ought to be turned over. They suspect a purpose to delay final settlement, but they are not humored to be trifled with and will insist on criminal prosecution if they do not get satisfactory settlement. The assignee does not list a list of liabilities, but the total is over \$200,000 there is no doubt. There is much comment by the people on the fact that Beach was a devout and prominent member of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church.

IT WAS BUSINESS WITH LULU.

A Muncie Advertiser Strikes Consternation to the Hearts of Society Young Men, Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

MUNCIE, Ind., Aug. 26.—There was a great flurry of excitement yesterday among a large number of Muncie's most prominent young society men. Two years ago Miss Lulu Shoemaker came to Muncie from Richmond and established a well-respected She has been prospering, but at the same time permitted her admirers to run up large accounts. The stringency of the money market has now caused her to have some adventures to draw in her loans, as it were. Accordingly she procured a coupe and two white horses, took her bundle of accounts, amounting to \$10,000, and made personal calls on the young men who had been lavishly entertained at her place. Those who did not settle caused their fathers trouble, as the woman next called on the worthy but unsuspecting area. In many cases the fathers put up to prevent further notoriety. After the practical woman had finished her round of calls, she then left with her attorney, and she then left on a pleasure trip to the world's fair.

NEW YORK EXPERT AT MUNCIE.

No Doubt About the Smallpox Cause, but They Are Mostly Mild in Form, Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

MUNCIE, Ind., Aug. 26.—Yesterday Dr. N. B. Kerr, of New York city, arrived in Muncie and made a visit to the infected smallpox district to satisfy himself as to the disease. Dr. Kerr spent eight years in the Northwest treating smallpox cases, being employed by the government. He handled over seven hundred cases in that time. Accompanied by City Health Officer Jackson, Dr. Kerr inspected all the cases here. He stated that all the alleged cases were smallpox, but of a mild form. He said that it was very preposterous to deny the identity and that the favorable weather in all that prevented a terrible epidemic here. However, he anticipates no serious trouble now with the very strict quarantine regulations that are being enforced. He says that the epidemic is of the mild order with the case that cannot be misjudged by one acquainted with it. There were no new cases to-day.

Town Lutes as Oratorical Prizes.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

CICERO, Ind., Aug. 26.—The Hamilton County Teachers' Institute, in session at Cicero during the past week, closed Friday. 200 teachers were present. The work was carried on by Professor Pettig, of Covington, and lectures given by Dr. C. W. Chicago, Professor Wiley and Dawson. Thursday the oratorical contest of the county schools took place. The prize in the district lecture was awarded to George Noble, of Jackson township, and in the grade school to Lulu Davis, of Washington township. Most interest will be taken in the next contest, owing to the fact that the Washington Glass Company, of this city, has offered a prize of \$100 to the successful contestants in the contest of 1934 two lots worth \$200 each.

Stung to Death by Humble Bees.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ORLEANS, Ind., Aug. 26.—For some time past the family of Robert Wood, an old soldier living in Stamps' Creek township, eight miles southeast of this place, have been troubled by a nest of humble bees that had their home behind the eaves of the window in the cabin. Yesterday, while the children were away from home, he proceeded to exterminate the bees. He removed a piece of the casing from the window, where, by the way, the bees had been on him and stung him so terribly that death resulted in an hour. He was sixty-five years old and leaves a wife and several children.

First Train Over the Elkhart & Western.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ELKHART, Ind., Aug. 26.—The Elkhart & Western railway was completed to this point to-day, and the first train was run over the tracks. It connects with the Grand Trunk at Mishawaka and affords this city competition with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. The road is the property of H. E. Bucklin, the Chicago millionaire, and is considered a great acquisition to this city. E. C. Rieck is general manager and Darwin F. Coe transportation manager.

Death of a Yorktown Citizen.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

MUNCIE, Ind., Aug. 26.—D. W. Flowers, an eminent citizen of Yorktown, died at his home in that place at 9 o'clock last night, after two or three weeks' illness of typhoid fever. Mr. Flowers was forty-seven years old, and was engaged in the general merchandise business. He was a prominent member of the I. O. O. F. and U. E. M. The funeral will take place at the residence at 11 o'clock to-morrow.

Armstrong Got Away with \$43,320.76.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

TIRTON, Ind., Aug. 26.—The committee appointed by the County Commissioners of this county to investigate the books of the defaulting treasurer, James K. Armstrong, has completed its work and find the total default reaches the sum of \$43,320.76. These figures will cause the Democratic leaders of this county a great many explanations for many campaigns to come.

Sudden Death in Boston of Joseph Edgerton.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

PORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug. 26.—The community was shocked this evening to learn of the sudden and unexpected death of Hon. Joseph K. Edgerton, which occurred this morning in Boston, where he stopped on

his way to visit a daughter residing near that city. He was a prominent man in Indiana affairs, having been a member of the Thirty-seventh Congress, and in the Sixties was president of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, and in the sixties president of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railway. He leaves a wife and family of grown children.

Gravel Roads Contracts Let.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

SEYMOUR, Ind., Aug. 26.—The County Commissioners have let the contracts for a number of gravel roads in this county as follows: Brownstown, Timpico and Crothersville, to Murphy & Co., Indianapolis, for \$38,977; Seymour, Dudleytown and Newry branch, to Ewing Shields, of Seymour, for \$7,023; Brownstown and Preetown, to Ewing Shields, of Seymour, for \$7,023; Seymour, to Brownstown and Timpico, to J. J. De Golyer, of Seymour, for \$6,588; Seymour and Four Corners, to Ferguson & Co., of Kokomo, for \$11,200; Valonia and Brownstown, to William E. Vail, of Valonia, for \$3,405; and Reddington, to J. D. Forest & Co., for \$7,985; Brownstown and Clear Springs, to Miller, Vance and Bolles, of Brownstown, for \$7,191. The eight roads were let at a total cost of \$101,173, and the aggregate cost of the surveys, advertising, election, etc., will be \$104,564.

Fights Don't Go at Columbus.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Aug. 26.—For some days the local sports here have been expecting the arrival of Mike Norton, the lightweight champion fighter, of Cincinnati, and, also, Daniel Lyons, and Jimmy Donohue, of that city. They finally reached the city, but found matters rather hot for them here. The police had been awaiting their arrival as well as the sports, and taking them in charge as soon as they came, showed them the limits of the city and cautioned them never to return. They have been ordered to leave the city, and the wrestler, that they may expect trouble if they attempt to give the match here.

Burglars Found Up a Policeman.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

SEYMOUR, Ind., Aug. 26.—Last night Merchant policeman Abe Thixton discovered three men attempting to rob a store. The burglars pounced on him and, knocking him down, began to kick him, after which they fled. Officer Thixton's revolver failed to shoot, and he was only able to get a shot at the fleeing men, which he thinks took effect in one of their legs. The officer was very sore this morning, but was able to accompany a detective to Columbus, where it is supposed one of the burglars was captured.

Clothing Store Burned at Mount Vernon.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

MOUNT VERNON, Ind., Aug. 26.—The Rosenbaum dry goods and clothing store was destroyed by fire early this evening. The loss is estimated at \$15,000 on stock and building. They are fully insured. The origin of the fire is said to have been spontaneous combustion. Kahn's building adjoining was damaged to the extent of \$1,000.

Nonunion Workman Threatened.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ELWOOD, Ind., Aug. 26.—A negro boy named Thomas Boyd, in the employ of John McCord, of Frankton, has been ordered to leave town by riotous workmen because one of their members was discharged and Boyd installed in his stead. If he does not leave to-night they threaten vengeance. Boyd is backed by McCord and will stay.

Brakeman Manny's Head Mashed.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Aug. 26.—Pat Manny, a Big Four brakeman, was found this evening suffering from having been struck in the head and mouth with a brick. He had been in a fight, and the men who had him escaped, leaving him in the hands of the police, who are now looking for the men who struck him and were drunk.

Picnic of Ex-Pennsylvanians.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ELKHART, Ind., Aug. 26.—The annual picnic of ex-citizens of Pennsylvania, now residents of northern Indiana and southern Michigan, was held on the island here to-day. The attendance was very large. Ex-Congressman Shively, Hon. J. B. Hall, A. F. Wilden and Low Mower were the speakers.

Suffocated in a Bin of Wheat.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

DECATUR, Ind., Aug. 26.—A son of Walter Ondus, living at Schumm, O., while playing in the grain elevator, this morning, got into the bin, where he smothered before he could be rescued.

PLAYED IN LUCK THAT TIME.

He "Worked" the Restaurant Man at Some Personal Inconvenience, Detroit Free Press.

He opened the door of a Gratiot avenue restaurant and happened to see a pair of raggy rubber boots three times too large.

"My dear sir," he whispered, leaning confidentially over the railing and looking at the trouble you, but my boot is full of blood."

"Hey!"

"Himso blood."

"You mean you mean?" faltered the cashier, instinctively locking the money drawer.

"I mean that I am bleeding to death," said the newcomer calmly. "I shouldn't think of intruding upon you," he continued, "if the situation wasn't so serious."

An hour ago I was assaulted by two men and stabbed. I made no complaint. I am game clean through, but I'm getting weak now, and must have nourishment."

"You give me a little something, anything you will, but help me fight for life. I am sorry to soil your floor," added the stranger, glancing down apologetically. "I am only a little bleeding."

The cashier looked over the railing with a skeptical expression that quickly changed to horror. One by one the bright red drops fell from the toe of the stranger's left boot, making a small, but good pool on the restaurant floor.

The cashier's hair almost stood on end. "There, there, William," he called in agitated tones, "bring a bowl of beef tea, double portion, and anything else that's hot and handy, and bring me quick."

"Thank you," he said gratefully. "I feel better already. I can get to the hospital alone now."

"That's right," answered the cashier encouragingly, "and here's 50 cents to help you."

"Pretty rough case," remarked a man who was paying his bill, as the stranger closed the door.

"Roughly," ejaculated the cashier, "it's awful. There's lots of fakes come in here every day, but that fellow's straight. I can tell."

When the injured visitor reached the corner he was joined by a thin young man. "Any luck?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes."

"Money?"

"Money!"

"Some. The acid in that cursed red ink is biting me to death."

Alters the Case.

"Why, you are a plotter, sir, and an infamous gold-bug!" poured the grizzled old president of the Keosauqua Silver Club, grasping his hickory stick with a firmer grip. "What do you mean coming to me to boast of the ill-gotten wealth you can show in gold and stocks and bonds, sir?"

"I want to marry your daughter," said the terrified young man.

"Why—bump—there's different. I don't know as I've got any objections."

His Inspiration Checked.

Washington Star.

KIPLING'S STORY OF A RIOT

Night Battle in an Indian City Between 50,000 Hindus and Mohammedans.

Thrilling Narrative of How 500 Troops Played the Mob, Giving Some Idea of the Recent Raids in the Streets of Bombay.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Rudyard Kipling, whose stories of the East are now and then as clear and sharp as instantaneous photographs, has built one of his clever tales upon a religious riot. The description would fit, perhaps, as well in the real story now being acted in Bombay as anywhere else, only there is not enough in it of what the great teller of Indian tales called "red saes," meaning, of course, the blood of men.

"On the City Wall" is the story of a riot.

It centers about the house of Lalun, "a member of the most ancient profession of the world," as Kipling puts it. Under cover of the fierce strife by night between Hindu and Mussulman, Khem Singh, a political prisoner, is released by the pretty and crafty Lalun from the old fortress beneath her house in the city wall, and the young Englishman is beguiled into leading him out to safety and freedom. Thus runs the vivid description of the riot:

The Mohurrum, the great morning festival of the Mohammedans, was close at hand, and the things that Wali Dad said about religious fanaticism would have secured his expulsion from the loosest-thinking Moslem sect. There were the rose bushes round us, the stars above us, and from every quarter of the city came the boom of the big Mohurrum drums. You must know that the city is divided in two equal portions between the Hindus and the Mohammedans, and when both dooms belong to the fighting races, a big religious festival gives ample cause for trouble. When they cannot get to say, when the authorities are weak enough to allow it—the Hindus do their best to arrange some minor feast day of their own in time to clash with the great Mohurrum, the heroes of the Mohurrum. Gilt and painted paper presentations, the drums, the music, the shouting and wailing, music, torches and yells through the principal thoroughfares of the city, which fakements are called tazias, the parades are rigorously kept down by the police, and detachments of police accompany each tazia lest the Hindus should throw bricks at the Muslims, or the Muslims should throw stones at the Hindus. The former must force everything, and while not making their own parades, they are not to be disturbed, must see that they are at least adequate.

"Listen to the drums," said Wali Dad. "That is the heart of the people—empty the heart of the city. How many will the Mohurrum so this year? I think that there will be trouble."

He turned down a side street and left me alone at the door of the police station. Then I went to bed and dreamed that Wali Dad had sacked the city, and I was made viceroy, with Lalun's silver huffs for a sword and a pair of pistols.

All day the Mohurrum drums beat in the city, and all day deputations of fearful Hindu gentlemen besieged the deputy commissioner, asking him to send troops to the city, and to the police station.

"Which," said the deputy commissioner in confidence to the Hindu gentlemen, "is a riotous mob, and the Hindus are going to make themselves unpleasant. I think we can arrange a little surprise for them. I have had a word with the management of the city, and they are willing to do it."

There was a large gathering in Lalun's house that night, but of men I have never seen before. I except the fat gentleman in black, with the gold pince-nez. Wali Dad lay in the window-seat, more bitterly scornful of his faith and its manifestations than I have ever known him. Lalun's house was full of guests, and the air was thick with the smell of the city.

"That is very early," said the man with a pince-nez. "It is only 8:30 o'clock." The fat gentleman in black looked at his watch.

"Some of them were from Ladakh," said Lalun, when the last had gone. "They brought me brick tea, such as the Russians eat, and a few of them brought me a little of the English marmalade make tea."

The brick tea was abominable. When it was over, the fat gentleman suggested a descent into the streets.

"I am nearly sure that there will be trouble to-night," he said. "All the city is in a ferment, and the Hindus are going to make themselves unpleasant. I think we can arrange a little surprise for them. I have had a word with the management of the city, and they are willing to do it."

"What are these dogs?" said the old man. 500 WHIPPED 50,000.

"Sikhs of the cavalry, father," I said, and we edged our way up the line of horses two abreast and found the deputy commissioner, his helmet smashed on his head, surrounded by a mob of men who had come down from the battlements and had helped the police mightily.

"We'll keep 'em on the run till dawn," said Pettit. "Who's your villainous friend?"

"Only time to say, 'The protection of the Sikhs?' when a fresh crowd lying before the native infantry carried us a hundred yards nearer to the Kumbharen. Lalun and Pettit was swept away like a shadow."

"I don't know—I cannot see—it is all new to me," mused my companion. "How many troops are there in the city?"

"Perhaps five hundred," I said. "A lakh of men beaten by five hundred—Sikhs among them?—surely, surely, I am an old man, but the Kumbharen is new. Who pulled down the stone lions? Where is the conduit? Lalun, I am a very old man, and alas, I cannot stand."

"The old man," said the Kumbharen, "is a fat gentleman wearing gold pince-nez and a white turban. He is the man who has helped the police mightily."

"You are most kind to bring my old friend," he said, smiling. "He is a land holder of Akia. He should not be in a big crowd when he is so old. But I have a carriage here. You are quite truly kind. Will you help me to put him into the carriage? It is very late."

The old man into a hired victoria that stood close to the gate, and I turned back to the house on the city wall. The troops were driving the people to the police station, and the Kumbharen was shouting, "Get to your houses!" and the dog-whip of the assistant district superintendent cracked remorselessly. Error-stricken bands of men were being driven to the city of the cavalry, crying that their houses had been robbed (which was a lie), and the burly Sikh policemen were returning to the houses lest a worst thing should happen. Parties of five or six were being driven to the city, and the Kumbharen was shouting, "Get to your houses!" and the dog-whip of the assistant district superintendent cracked remorselessly. Error-stricken bands of men were being driven to the city of the cavalry, crying that their houses had been robbed (which was a lie), and the burly Sikh policemen were returning to the houses lest a worst thing should happen. 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